BIG 52 PAGES OF EXCITING ADVENTURES IN FULL COLOR

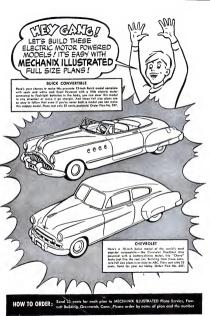














WESTERN HERO . Executive Editor . Editor . Art Editor . A

CAPT MARVEL ADVENTURES - LE WHITE CONICS - WESTERN HED - CAPT MARVEL R- MASTER COR ROD CAMERON WESTERN - BIT

The following entiroding magnitime ore easily identified on their covers by the world. A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPI MARYEL ADVENTURS - LASH LABLE MYSTEM - THE MARYEL FAMILY - NAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS WHITE COMICS - WISTEM NEED - ROCKY SAN'E WISTEM - NOTAG THE AMORE GIRE - GABER MARYE WISTEM.

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Every effort is mode to insure that these carrier megazines
consist the highest question of whelestern enterconsens. W. H. Jawett-ff. President









ATER, ON THE OUTSKIETS OF TOWN HE'S GOT A SHACK SAY, I KNOW THAT HOMBS CRASSE! C'MON, WE'RE GOING TO BUFF CITY HIGH IN THE HILLS NEAR BUFF CITY! JAPH PAWSON, A LANKY REPHAIRED PROSPECTOR? AND PRY HIM A VIGIT. HMMM, HE SOUNDS FAMILIAR! I MNOW HIM! HERE'S MY PLAN! WE'LL HE TWO OUTLAWS SPEED OUT TO JAPH DAWSON'S SMACK, IN THE BUFF CITY OOF! THE RING, GET A RED WIS THAR'S DAWSON BRINIM ! WITH THAT RING, IT'S LUCKY I KNEW JAPH HAD A TRAP BOOR IN HYAR LEADING INTO THE CELLAR WE'LL THROW HIM DOWN THAR AND mile mor somewhen m THE EASTERNER OFINE FER SHORE THAT THEY'LL NEVER FIND HIM ! SROTHER HEAD RING







S THEY CLIMB OUT OF THE CELLAR IT'S BOYD! I DO KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG WHEN I SAW THE TRAP DOOR OPEN! COULD HAVE GOT BACK JEST HORTLY AFTER..... N THE PARK GELLAR, BILL ARE YOU GOING TO COME BACK BAST NOW ? THE REST OF THE FAMILY WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU. YOU'RE NOT ANXIO TO SEE ME ANYMORE NOW THAT I'VE GIVEN YOU YOUR MONEY, DAWSON GAVE THE MONEY TO THAT I CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY WITH IT!

VE GOT TO FREE MYSELF! BUT HOW?

WAIT! THOSE STONE STEPS -- MAYBE

I CAN GUTTHESE ROPES

ON THE SHARP EDGES!













IN GENUME LERINER MILLER
25 SHIP! THATS ME IND
TRIGGER IN COLOR, MODE
VOLUME REVISION
SHIP CALOR IN NO TRAIN
ROSES RUENS CLIR

ROY ROBERS

M AD POLICE GUERNI
MISC RET & MUST OF
GRANAE LEARNER,
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AD SCAPPILL NO COLOR POLITIES
GRANAE DESCRIPTION OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE A

THESE SUSPENDERS COME IN MISHTY
RANDY TO HELP BOLD UP YOUR
SOCAS SUBSET FAILES AND ROSES SUBSET FAILES AND RESEASE HELD KLIPTOP ON EACH STRAF.

THE ONLY GENUINE ROY ROGERS BELTS, WALLETS & SUSPENDERS ARE MADE BY

HICKORS





OUT OF AN HEAD, AM I? LAWYER TORTE, YOU DRAW MY WILL, JUST LIKE I SAID YES SIR! BUT YOU MATE GIPPY THAT'S KEERSCT! THE MODE WEST! OHE DAYS LATER ---BUT THIS LAWYER MANTY LAWYER FELLER THE WILL OF TIGOLDBULL ARDAR! I ALMINS THOU HE HATED WE AND HERE AND I WILL AND BIGURATH MN ENTIRE FORTUNE TO GARBY HAVES, PROVIDED HE CAN LEEP HIS BIS. FIT MORTH S LEAVING FROM TOWNS TO HUT AND REMEATE APPOLICATE FOR 24 HOURS









N A FEW MINUTES---SO NOU MONT THUK, HE THE MONT TAILS, HEY THE MONEY OTHER WAY! BTURSORNLY, GASRY STICKS TO THE PROVISIONS OF THE WILL! H-MANEE I SHOULD



























WESTERN HERO BROUGHT A I'M GOING TO EN OW THE ADJUNTURES OF MONTE HALE WHIS ADME MONTE HALE WESTERN AND IN WESTERN HERD, EVERY MONTH!







REDSWIFT Outstacks the Champ! (DUM! PANE) (Dute TO TO: (Dute To:















WESTERN H

GUN RUNNERS A Slim Carson Story

By Dick Krous

CROUCHING alone by the side of the river, Slim Carson strained his keen eyes to see through the night. He had been there for three hours. Still there was no sign of Baggett! What if Captan Gomer was wrong? What if at was not Baggett, after all?

Shriting his nonision, the vouchful lawman

What if it was not Baggett, after all?
Shifting his position, the youthful Isswan
loosened the worn Colt that rested in the
holster at his wast. It was his father's gun.
And, since his father's death at the hands of
a hand of cowedly rustlers. Silm had were
to use it as a member of the horder patrol.
Already this till, stunder black-haired youth
had gained a reputation that made criminals

Sion Carson's thoughts rased, over the events of the past few days. He had been in the town of the past few days. He had been in the town of Mesa Guich only a few days when Sheriff McCarrey had introduced him to a Mesan —a broazed. heavy-sat, black-haired man, with a broad smile and the slightest trace of a Spanish accent, "Slim," the sheriff had said. "this here is

an old buddy of mine—Captain Eladio Gemez.
of the Mexican police. He's over here on a
little job, and from what he says, I reckon
you're the man to help him."

They had shaken hands. Slim could still
remember the rock-like strength of the Mexi-

can a grasp. "Senor Slim." Gomez had explained, "I am in your country on the pursuat of a band of gun runners. These are men who are shapping arms ullegally into my country across the Ro Grande. How they get the tiles and revolvers across, queen sabe! But every day, more and more come over, and they are used by outliew.

"Hmmm," mused Slim Carson, "Do you have any idea who's behind this gun-running on the American side?"

"I have an idea," the Mexican police offices said, "and that is where I will need your help. There is an American rancher named Baggett..." dealt a hand in this fracas. Captain Gomes had described the American rancher, Baggett, and bad asked him to keep an eye on him, while he trailed the Mexicans who were suspected of receiving the contrahand guns on the other side of the river. When he got evidence that a new load of guns was going to be moved across the Ruo Grande, he was

Sim Carson smiled in the dark. Today, rember Bagget had draven has vagen north to the Mess Gulch railroad station to pick up to the Mess Gulch railroad station to pick up to the Mess Gulch railroad station to pick up to the station of the station

Quickly, Slim had sent a message to Eladio Gamez and had received a prompt reply from the tousle-haired boy who acted as their intermediate. The message had said, "by the big "Wait," the message had said, "by the big S-bend in the river near Baggett's rach. He will come by in a wagon, When you have the river near use a fire, capture

will come by in a wagon. When you near
shots across the river and see a faire, capture
him. If you do not see the flare and hear the
shots, do not show yourself. Let him go by

Now, nerves teons, Slim waited, Impattently, he twisted into an upright, consisten-

ram along the American side of the rave. It's amount midnight And util no ago of Bagetti Did Gomer really have an idea short bow Bagett or the guns across the raver without having to cross it? Or was he just guessing—just playing a futlle hunch? Sundenly, Slim bent forward. In the Suddenly, Slim bent forward. In the

begin to see it, to make it out in the fai light of the moon it was Baggett's far wagon all right, and the back of it seemed to be piled high with lengths of costonwood logs. Holding the reins was Baggett himself, stumped forward, and at his side was one of bis busky cowpokes. Hardly d'aring to breath behind his cartus shelter, Silm watched the wagon moving along the road. Suddenly, at the point where.

its rect, shint where the support where the road. Suddenly, at the point where the the road. Suddenly, at the point where the same the road of the support of the support of the support of the wapon and sitile into the water. They were cottonwood logs! Evidently they having a support of the support of the

Stim Carson's jow bardened as he attardened across the river for Genezie signal. He couldn't quate figure what it was all about couldn't quate figure what it was all about the couldn't guite figure what it was all about the couldn't guite find out. But the couldn't guite find out. But where were he shorts and fineral Creaking, the farm wegen was passing hom on the root of. In disappostments. Slim turned to watch it go by? Them, all at once, there was a ratte of shots across the river and a cury of inger! A betiliant publishers the couldn't be being on the Maxican side.

in its reflected light-until a second volley of gualire out them down! It was the signal! Sinewy hand gripping his

Colt, Slim Carson scrambled up the idde of the road onto its rutted surface. Ahead of him, Baggett had rison in alarm and was beginning to lash the horses out of their trot! The elender young lawman raced toward the wagon, long legs gaining rapidly on it in a mighty spring, he caucht up to it and pulled

bimself over the back onto the logs! At once, hearing him. Baggett and the other cowhand whirled toward him, alarmed. "Bt's that kid who was watching us at the

nalroad depot!" Baggett exclaimed. "It knew Casegareed bis face! It's Slim Carron!"

With a muffled grunt, he palled for the fifth that lay beside him on the wagon seat Thoi swung it up to face Slim! But the youth li

swung about like a striking rattler and he fired first! White smoke was lanced by a line of nrange his shoulder in pain! Now, without a gun, Baggett flung binnelf desperately upon Silin, trying furiously to hurd him from the wagent But, avertug the bigger man's bull-like charge, Silim sank a rock-hard fast in his middle that doubted him forward. He then sent another whisting right to his jam—a blow which berth him back and Baggett fell to the wagon seet unconnections.

Swiftly, Slim Carson reached forward for the reins and pulled back hard. The frightened horses came in a prancing, blowing stop.

Half an hour later, his prisoners tied, Slim Caraon was back at the S-bend in the Rio. Facing him, wet and läughing, with a fresh bullet graze across his forehead, was Captain Eladio Gomez. He clapped Slim across the

"Three months I have waited for this?" he shouted, "And tonight, I have rounded up the Mexican outlaws on my side of the border, and you have the American ones. Good work, Senor Slim?"
"Hold on," said Slim, "Just one thing! How

"Flord on," said Sim. "Just one thing! How did they get the guns across the river? I'm still in the dark on that!"
"Abbh!" replied Gomer, one finger high in the air. "You saw those love that fell from

the air. "You saw those logs that fell from the wagon into the river and floated downstream?"

"Yes," said Slim. "What about them?"

"The hombres on my side," explained the

Mexican policeman, "had nots stretched across the river with hooks on them. When the logs floated to the nots, they pulled them in quickly. That was when we attacked them and rounded them up. Look! I have brought one of these locar to show you!"

Inside the log had been hollowed away, and Slim could see an array of rifles and revolvers covered with thick brown greate!

CLEVER plan!" said Gomer softly.
"They never crossed the river themselves. They always floated the loga across!
But tonight, with your help, Senor Slim, we
have made sure that nn guns will be run by

THE END

Follow the adventures of SLIM CARSON in his fight against crime in every issue of WESTERN HERO!

WESTERN HERO AN EARLY RISER! STOP THAT, CACTUSBRAIN! 6148 H? YUH WERE TRYING CACTUSBRAIN? WHAT WERE YEN TRYING TUN OO TUN LITTLE BECUZ















WESTERN HERO



















WESTERN HERO MAN AT A TIME ---... I CAN TAKE ON MORE! WHY DID HE WANT TO GET ED OF ME? 16 HE HIDING KILLER GOES ? REX WAS AFEARED YOU FOUND OUT THAT HE AND HIS HENCH-MAN, DICK, HAVE SHEN CHEATING HEY, WHAT'S TAKING YOU SO LONG ? MIX IS FREE! WELL, I WAGN'T REMAINING TWO AND THEN HUSTLE YOU ALL OFF TO JAIL











I HOPE THIS WILL BE ALESSON





































TOM MIX IS ON THE AIR!

ADDRECAST FROM CORP TO CORP OVER THE MUTUAL RETWORK, MONTAY, WIGHERAY AND PRIPAY AT 8-30 P.M.

REUNION at the RUSTLERS ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE



















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